**Circle Game** by Joni Mitchell

**Yesterday a child came out to wonder Caught a dragonfly inside a jar   
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder And tearful at the falling of a star**

**And the seasons they go round and round and the painted ponies go up and down   
We're captive on the carousel of time   
We can't return we can only look behind from where we came   
And go round and round and round in the circle game   
  
Then the child moved ten times round the seasons Skated over ten clear frozen streams   
Words like Z when you're older must appease him And promises of someday make his dreams  
  
And the seasons they go round and round and the painted ponies go up and down   
We're captive on the carousel of time   
We can't return we can only look behind from where we came   
And go round and round and round in the circle game  
  
Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town   
And they tell him Z take your time it won't be long now Till you drag your feet to slow the circles down  
  
And the seasons they go round and round and the painted ponies go up and down   
We're captive on the carousel of time   
We can't return we can only look behind from where we came   
And go round and round and round in the circle game  
  
So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty His dreams have lost some grandeur coming true  
There'll be new dreams maybe better dreams and plenty Before the last revolving year is through  
  
And the seasons they go round and round and the painted ponies go up and down   
We're captive on the carousel of time   
We can't return we can only look behind from where we came   
And go round and round and round in the circle game**

The Circle Game {by:Joni Mitchell}

Y[**G**]esterday a c[**C**]hild came out to w[**G**]onder,

Caught a dragonf[**C**]ly inside a j[**D7**]ar.

Fe[**G**]arful when the s[**C**]ky is full of th[**Bm**]under,

And te[**C**]arful at the fa[**G**]lling [**Am7**]of a st[**G**]ar.[**C**] [**G**]

{**C**:Chorus:}

[**G**]And the seasons, they go '[**Am7**]round and 'r[**G**]ound,

And the painted ponies go [**Am7**]up and d[**G**]own.

[**C**]We're captive on the carousel of t[**G**]ime.

[**C**]We can't return, we can only look be[**Bm**]hind

From where we c[**C**]ame,

And go 'r[**G**]ound and 'round and 'r[**Am7**]ound in the circle g[**G**]ame.[**C**] [**G**]

Then the child moved ten times round the seasons,

Skated over ten clear frozen streams.

Words like "when you're older" must appease him,

And promises of someday make his dreams.

{**C**:Chorus.}

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now,

Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town.

And they tell him, "Take your time, it won't be long now,

'Till you drag your feet to slow the circle down."

{**C**:Chorus.}

So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty,

Though his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true.

There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams, and plenty.

Before the last revolving year is through.

{**C**:Chorus.}